When Castro Heard The News *Jean Daniel*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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"Let Us Continue"

No memorial oration or eulogy could more eloquently honor President Kennedy's memory than the earliest possible passage of the civil rights bill for which he fought so long. We have talked long enough in this country about equal rights. We have talked for 100 years or more. It is time now to write the next chapter – and to write it in books of law. John Kennedy's death commands what his life conveyed – that America must move forward.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON
November 27, 1963

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

What About 1964?

★ All we have to remember are some flashes of wit, the symbol of a rocking chair, and a phrase or two, "Ask not what your country can do for you – ask what you can do for your country." And, yes, a feeling that somehow we are guilty in some indefinable way, and let him down.

In the great hall of Congress where Lyndon Johnson addressed the joint session the audience tried awkwardly to identify itself with all this by applause. It was a good speech, movingly delivered on a great occasion – the kind of epilogue which Shakespeare lets a surviving character deliver over a stage strewn with hopes and corpses. Penciled at the bottom of one text are the words: "One of the most moving I have ever heard; they are applauding, I am weeping."

President Johnson's task so far is largely symbolic: to show the continuity of things, to make the ritual plea for prayers and help; to let the shrewd leaders of the world size him up; to demonstrate that a firm hand holds the wheel.

He did this; we thought he did it well. The stock market bounced back; the Senate killed the Mundt bill that would have blocked wheat sales to Russia; the President reaffirmed a policy abroad of power with restraint; at home he tried to pry Congress off dead center, suggested the civil rights bill as a memorial to a dead President and a tax cut to get the country moving again. It had style. Those who have heard his mumbling, side-of-the-mouth delivery in the Senate, were pleased.

This can be said in passing: No other nation could operate our Constitution; political scientists study it and decide it is unworkable, just as scientists prove a bumblebee can't fly. We keep the incredible thing in flight not by aerodynamics but out of force of habit. Also, because we know there are unseen tolerances, and that when a man gets into the White House something touches him. What – we don't know; but take your hat off to whatever it is.

A Truman enters the mansion and lo, he is riding a white horse and holding Excalibur. Nobody is more surprised than Truman. The doughty captain of artillery suddenly leads the charge with a strange, barbaric war cry, "The buck stops here!"

So, let's get back to the everyday world and consider President Johnson's election chances. In the current wave of sympathy for him we think they are exaggerated. We guess his chances are fair but not good; risky but not hopeless.

The calendar is the first big hurdle. Mr. Truman had three years and six months after FDR to establish identity; Mr. Johnson only 11 months.

Almost worse than this, LBJ has no firm base of power. He is apt to fall between stools. He has just enough support from Negroes to alienate the South – and vice versa. Putting present evidence together, a case can be made that he is a liberal; also that he isn't.

Bobby Baker Remains

★ Don't think the political truce will last, Republicans can't wait; we give it about a fortnight. The first primary comes in March and Republicans must get busy quick. The first missile at hand is the Bobby Baker case.

Baker carried out the Senate system of rewards and punishments with which the then Majority Leader ruled. It was against these punishments (for having fought for cloture) that Senator Clark (D, Pa.) started his continuing fight, with other liberals, against "The Establishment." Back on July 28, 1961, the *Wall Street Journal* noted: "LBJ's longtime lieutenant, Senate Democratic Secretary Bobby Baker, still consults him and keeps him informed, but is considerably less influential among Democratic Senators than when Mr. Johnson was Majority Leader."

Two previous Vice Presidents, Alben Barkley and Richard Nixon, decided that a majority of Senators at the start of a session had the right to change the Senate rules to tighten cloture in a "rule" that could not itself be filibustered. But the new Vice President in 1961 supported the Southerners.

The Johnson Style

★ Mr. Johnson has been growing increasingly liberal in Washington, but that has been less true back in Texas. He masterminded the nomination of Governor Connally in 1962, and snatched victory away from the liberal candidate, Don Yarborough (not related to the Senator). His attitude toward Senator Ralph Yarborough, head of the Democratic liberal wing of the Texas party, is equivocal.

These points are not set down maliciously but with anxious concern. An arguable case can be made on the other side. President Johnson came to Washington as a young Congressman who admired FDR. But that was a long time back. Recently he has been growing more liberal again and away from his background of oil depletion allowances and segregation. He got two, much-diluted, civil rights bills through Congress in 1957 and 1960, dealing mostly with guarantees of Negro voting rights. They set a precedent. He has worked energetically as Vice President to extend Negro job opportunities.

Last Memorial Day at Gettysburg he declared that 100 years after the battle "the Negro remains in bondage to the color of his skin," and that the Negro could no longer be satisfied with the command, "Patience." Strong stuff! Last month, too, he received a warm welcome from the Liberal Party in New York, and he stoutly condemned poverty and prejudice in America.

Take the evidence and weigh it yourself. We are not convinced either way. On the personal side the new President is a poor speaker, but with moments of power. He gets information by ear (like Al Smith); is suspicious of intellectuals (like Truman); his humor is earthy – the famous Johnson campaign train through the South in 1960 was satiri-

(Continued on page 29)

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Another Beginning

It comes over us now how seldom, these past three years, we admitted to ourselves how heavily our hopes were riding on one man. This journal was a devoted critic of John F. Kennedy. It spoke for his nomination as the Democratic candidate in 1960, admired his restraint, respected his intellect, regretted the evasions and hesitations that political realities seemed to command, and hoped for his reelection and a new Congress more hospitable to his program.

Lyndon B. Johnson is the inheritor of the youthful promise John Kennedy brought to people throughout the world. He is Texas, but the Texas of Sam Rayburn, not H. L. Hunt. He carries to the White House the impulses of his youth, which was lived in the years of the New Deal. His sympathies as well as his friendships were formed in that time when millions of Americans were poor and scared and demanding that the federal government take a real interest in them. A year before the 1960 primaries, John Kennedy told an interviewer he thought he was as qualified to be President as any other candidate – "except possibly Lyndon." That was Kennedy's respect for expertise.

The new President is described as pragmatic, as "operational from head to toe." He is a practiced negotiator of bargains, a politician who takes pride in fine calculations of the feasible. He cannot be stampeded. During that awful day, twenty-four hours after the assassination, when, in the corridors of the White House, all was confusion, Mr. Johnson confidently met one problem, one person after another; he was at ease; he seemed, one of those present said, "a man the Presidential chair fits."

To his gifts as a legislative tactician, there must now be added the intangible gift without which no President can succeed, the gift of discerning not only what seems possible, but also that which sober judgment deems imperative; and the talent too of persuasiveness, so that good intentions and ambitions can be, as the President told Congress, "translated into effective action."

There are demanding months ahead; one hopes they will be productive months. The President needs votes, not just sympathy, in Congress; and when partisanship and sectionalism have had a chance to draw breath, votes cast against Kennedy will be cast against him.

Still, this is a new beginning, and we look to the future – with only one final backward glance. The few on whom the burden of tragedy was heaviest never for one moment faltered. Nothing became the Kennedy Administration more than the dignity of its last weekend.

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Allies at the Funeral

And adversaries too: President Johnson's 55 minutes with Mikoyan meant that the West German President and West German Chancellor were kept waiting 30 minutes. The Europeans came to look at the cowboy in the White House.

What foreigners fancy they sense in Mr. Johnson is a lack of feel for the complexities of the modern world, despite daily briefings of the new President these past three years and his attendance at meetings of the National Security Council. Wisely, Mr. Johnson seems to be going to take Mark Epernay's advice, that the essence of political prudence is to act in any situation as nearly as possible as was done before. Later, of course, the President will have to work out his own course, unless he wants this country to have another John Foster Dulles, a role Dean Rusk would not relish or be good in anyway.

The President's word to General de Gaulle, to Dr. Erhard and to the new British Prime Minister, Sir Alec Douglas Home, was essentially the same in each case: "Come back later, and then we'll talk." Erhard and Douglas Home certainly, probably de Gaulle also, will return early in the new year. This does not give Lyndon Johnson much time for indispensable thinking, but it is as much time as he is ever likely to have. Will Mikoyan also return? This seems unlikely, as does a Johnson-Khrushchev summit meeting next year unless, as the British plainly hope, some real progress is made with the plan for stationing "observers" at ports, airfields and railroads in the Soviet Union, the United States, and Eastern and Western Europe, to guard against a surprise attack by one side on the other. What dilutes this hope is that the Russians insist on sticking on to the proposal such conditions as mutual thinning of forces, and a nuclear-free zone in Europe.

The Republicans were trite but right when they said the week before President Kennedy's murder that the Atlantic Alliance was in disarray. The trouble is that neither they nor anyone else can come up with the magic word of command that will reform the ranks. All that is known is what the allies want of the United States and what the United States wants of the allies. But hardly any of it squares with the rest. General de Gaulle would just as soon have American troops leave Europe, and declares with an air of infallibility that they will, anyway. The Germans want American forces to stay, and beg Washington to declare de Gaulle is wrong. When the United States does, the Germans won't believe it.

The British teeter between deep dislike of de Gaulle – he kept them out of Europe, which was unforgivable, even though quite a lot of them never really wanted to go in – and their instinctive feeling that de Gaulle is right when he says that nuclear weapons have made large-scale war an absurdity, so that ending the Cold War through a *detente* with Russia by a settlement in Europe is now feasible as well as desirable. Any such settlement would redound mightily to the advantage of Sir Alec Douglas Home, who also faces an election next year, and seems likely to lose it without a magic formula. His supporters are likewise at him to seize a unique chance to revive the winded "special relationship" between Britain and America.

The Germans teeter, too, between America and France. At first sight it might seem plain where their interest must lie. The United States holds the nuclear umbrella while General de Gaulle says he hopes soon to have a handkerchief. It was President Kennedy not President de Gaulle who this summer affirmed the need for a united Berlin in a Germany united by self-determination. Unfortunately, the very size of the American promise and all it might imply makes the Germans suspicious and afraid. Nuclear war may be an absurdity, nevertheless any move to unite Germany – whether by the West against the East, or the East against the West – probably would bring on World War III. The Germans know this, and know that Khrushchev knows: therefore the Americans must know also. General de Gaulle says they do, indeed, and scornfully declines to match a promise he implies is false, but offers instead a Grand Design, an honorable partnership for West Germany in an economically integrated Europe that will, he says, be free of both Americans and Russians.

In the 10 months that elapsed between General de Gaulle's famous press conference and President Kennedy's death, Washington seemed to have no answer to Atlantic disarray, except to hope that General de Gaulle would go away. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson, a close friend of Mr. Johnson as well as a political Puck, has proposed two interim answers: that the US not proceed with the talks between ourselves and the British with the Russians, so as to stop alarming the Germans; but that the United States also refuse to pay too much notice to de Gaulle. Secretary Rusk would heartily endorse the second of these proposals, presumably, but not the first; and President Johnson plainly intends to go along with Secretary Rusk, at least for the time being.

Mr. Johnson when he was still Vice President once defined America's role in a world of foreigners. He said the Ugly American was bunk, for Americans were beloved. He suspected that most foreigners wanted to be as like Americans as possible, especially if they lived in Asia and suffered from tapeworm. The reflection that most of them could not in fact ever hope to live like Americans inevitably bred some envy, and it was the duty of Americans to dispel this, as far as possible, by teaching those people how to raise their standards of

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living. Foreigners could achieve this by adopting the free enterprise system.

These remarks must be viewed charitably, as they were probably intended only to encourage Congress to continue foreign aid. President Johnson knows for instance that an ominously large number of Latin Americans do believe in the Ugly American. The dignitaries from Europe and Asia and from behind the Iron Curtain who attended Mr. Kennedy's funeral were not matched in rank by those who came from south of the border. Events in Venezuela or British Guiana in the next few months could have a far worse effect on Mr. Johnson's chances of staying in the White House than they might have had on Mr. Kennedy's.

Yet his foreign policy will mainly and rightly be judged by what it does or fails to do to East-West relations. When he visited Washington in 1959, Mr. Khrushchev is supposed to have told Mr. Johnson: "I have read all your speeches, and didn't like any of them." Plainly, sparks could fly between two men both prone to manly outspokenness and the homely metaphor. They are so alike they even tend toward the same gimmicks. In India, Khrushchev wore odd hats; Vice President Johnson ya-hooed in the Taj Mahal to test the echo.

A bawling match between them would be a fearsome thing to audition. Fortunately; both can when they choose be as bland as card-sharpers. Perhaps personalities play little part after all these days in foreign policy; all may be decided in advance by the vast impersonal bureaucracies that exist on both sides of the Curtain. On this view, another Soviet blockage of the Berlin *autobahn* would encounter a prearranged Western reaction with which the President would have had almost nothing to do. But can the same be said of a further Soviet thaw, if Khrushchev were suddenly to conjure up the appearance of one? There will be decisions for President Johnson to make. Whether he makes them or someone else does, they will be his responsibility. But he has already announced one decision: since in this age "there can be no losers in peace and no victors in war," he will not be afraid to negotiate.

Around the President

Those faithful lieutenants – and not all of them Irish – who helped Mr. Kennedy become President and were brought by him to the White House will make way for the Texans. While the President does not yet have a Ted Sorensen at his right hand to draft thoughtful and literate papers, he has access to instant advice from his contemporaries on whom he has called for twenty years – Abe Fortas, Benjamin V. Cohen, Thomas Corcoran and James Rowe – all of whom, like Johnson, grew up politically under Franklin Roosevelt.

George Reedy, the Pierre Salinger of the Johnson team, is a former Capitol Hill reporter, plumper and less athletic than Mr. Salinger; a political tactician but a policy man too. Strong with labor and minority groups, Reedy has helped peel the Southern label off his boss. It was Reedy who wrote Mr. Johnson's campaign speech to the New York Liberal Party in 1960, which led to a friendly understanding between Mr. Johnson and the David Dubinsky circle.

Elizabeth Carpenter is said to be "a smart Texas politician," competent to deal with a broad range of subjects, and not from any "woman's angle." She will be no ordinary press adviser to the First Lady, if that is how she is finally cast.

Another Johnson man who comes to the White House, William Moyers, has been deputy to Mr. Schriver in the Peace Corps. Still in his twenties, he was trained in Texas to be a Baptist preacher. He represents the young Lyndon as the President would have liked to be. He is an idealist, but like all Johnson men, at home in practical politics too. Bobby Baker will not be among those present, and we can give thanks for what is not to be. Save for the recent scandal, he would no doubt be polishing up the handle on the big front door already. Being a quick learner by experience, the Presi-

Old Hand

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dent is certain to install some extra duty burglar alarms to keep out any future Bobby Bakers.

There has been speculation about the new President's relations with the Kennedy Cabinet, and a general consensus that Mr. Johnson will encourage more autonomy among the departments and will rely, more than his predecessor did, on their advice. One does not know what his personal relationship is with Dean Rusk and George Ball, but if it is not already excellent, the President will put his back into making it so, inspiring the Secretary of State to play over his head in the coming months. The task is ready-made for Johnson; this is the sort of bucking up and backing up at which he has heretofore shown considerable skill.

The big Cabinet problems are the Attorney General and the Secretary of the Treasury. Some big-city Democrats, who came to Washington for the funeral, were already talking up Robert Kennedy as a Vice Presidential candidate in 1964. Secretary Dillon's status will depend primarily on what Mr. Johnson decides is politically necessary. Aside from oil and gas allowances and a few other special concerns, the President has always been "Rooseveltian" on economic matters. But he is as eager as Kennedy was in his first year to be the President of all the people, and he may decide he needs Secretary Dillon for the same reasons that persuaded John F. Kennedy.

How Could It Happen?

It is a federal case if a postal employee, an FBI agent, a judge or a Secret Service man is murdered. But when a President of the United States is assassinated, it is not a federal case and must be dealt with by the institutions and authorities of the locality. In this instance, fatefully, the place was Dallas, a city fiercely proud and pridefully fierce about its reputation. For two days the Dallas police had in custody both the young man without friends, and the nation's good name. Whether by design or ineptitude, they failed to measure up. It was a local case; the shame is national and people said: how could it happen *here*?

There were ready collaborators in irresponsibility. Legmen of the nation's press, television and radio thronged the corridors at headquarters, intent to exploit the news opportunities, as they were charged to do. From time to time the prisoner ran an inquisitorial gantlet while being shifted from one room to another. Periodically, officials emerged to face microphones and cameras while expounding the accumulated clues, proclaiming the clinching of a case, and asserting conclusions concerning Lee Oswald's manifest legal sanity.

The revealed evidence included a life story characterized by personal resentment, social inadequacy, and bitter revolutionary emotion; possession of a mail-order rifle of precisely the type used in the slaying; access to the site of the assassin's vigil; a brief, violent flight betraying desperation and guilt after the deed; tell-tale results of a paraffin test for the presence of burned powder on face and hand, and so on. Taken at face value, the case seemed strong, but such evidence is properly judged in a nation of laws only in an adversary proceeding under judicial scrutiny.

Would such a proceeding even be possible now? Could a proper jury be empaneled after such broadcasting of evidence and official conclusions of guilt? Suppose a damaging admission should be elicited from a prisoner repeatedly exposed to the pressures of the thronged corridors. Could it qualify as evidence in court? What of the propriety of interrogating a prisoner in his undershirt? Such thoughts must have risen in the minds of many TV watchers familiar with the law's standards. The questions proved academic.

Why wait for a grand jury to impute guilt? Why wait even for a petit jury to determine it and to set the retribution? The second idea flows, by a certain baleful logic, from the first. The hour for transferring the prisoner to another jail was announced publicly. The daytime hour was chosen, an official explained, to suit the convenience of TV. Between the elevator and an armored conveyance, he had to traverse a basement. Only police officers and the ubiquitous reporters and cameramen were to be present at that point – with one malign exception.

The type is familiar around any metropolitan police headquarters. He courts publicity and sports an alias. He often goes armed. He combines petty lawlessness and an inclination to violence with sycophancy toward the law's officers. The policemen all know him. They are wont to exploit him for favors. Occasionally they pick him up for some such infraction as illicitly carrying a pistol or selling liquor after prescribed hours. Such was the exception permitted in the Dallas basement, while the world watched.

No officer walked before to shield the accused man. Two officers secured the manacled prisoner from either side, the gaze of both for the moment intent in another direction as nemesis closed in. The target, slowly advancing, was open and steady. The first authentic murder with full TV coverage was over in a moment, and with the doing of it the police suddenly acknowledged the interloper's presence and bore him down.

TV viewers had seen its counterpart before in fictional portrayals. Who now could say for sure that the event was planned that way? Yet in what detail would a frame-up have differed from what happened before the eyes of millions?

These questions cannot be answered now. They may be answered by the federal inquiry that is underway.

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When Castro Heard the News

Havana

It was around 1:30 in the afternoon, Cuban time. We were having lunch in the living room of the modest summer residence which Fidel Castro owns on magnificent Varadero Beach, 120 kilometers from Havana. For at least the tenth time, I was questioning the Cuban leader on details of the negotiations with Russia before the missile installations last year. The telephone rang, a secretary in guerrilla garb announced that Mr. Dorticós, President of the Cuban Republic, had an urgent communication for the Prime Minister. Fidel picked up the phone and I heard him say: *"Como? Un atentado?"* ("What's that? An attempted assassination?") He then turned to us to say that Kennedy had just been struck down in Dallas. Then he went back to the telephone and exclaimed in a loud voice *"Herido? Muy gravemente?"* ("Wounded? Very seriously?")

He came back, sat down, and repeated three times the words: *"Es una mala noticia."* ("This is bad news.") He remained silent for a moment, awaiting another call with further news. He remarked while we waited that there was an alarmingly sizable lunatic fringe in American society and that this deed could equally well have been the work of a madman or of a terrorist. Perhaps a Vietnamese? Or a member of the Ku Klux Klan? The second call came through: it was hoped they would be able to announce that the United States President was still alive, that there was hope of saving him. Fidel Castro's immediate reaction was: "If they can, he is already re-elected." He pronounced these words with satisfaction.

This sentence was a sequel to a conversation we had held on a previous evening and which had turned into an all-night session. To be precise, it lasted from 10 in the evening until 4 in the morning. A good part of the talk revolved about the impressions I recounted to him of an interview which President Kennedy granted me this last October 24, and about Fidel Castro's reactions to these impressions. During this nocturnal discussion, Castro had delivered himself of a relentless indictment of US policy, adding that in the recent past Washington had had ample opportunity to normalize its relations with Cuba, but that instead it had tolerated a CIA program of training, equipping and organizing a counter-revolution. He had told me that he wasn't in the least fearful of his life, since danger was his natural milieu, and if he were to become a victim of the United States this would simply enhance his radius of influence in Latin America as well as throughout the socialist world. He was speaking, he said, from the viewpoint of the interests of peace in both the American continents. To achieve this goal, a leader would have to arise in the United States capable of understanding the explosive realities of Latin America and of meeting them halfway. Then, suddenly, he had taken a less hostile tack: "Kennedy could still be this man. He still has the possibility of becoming, in the eyes of history, the greatest President of the United States, the leader who may at last understand that there can be coexistence between capitalists and socialists, even in the Americas. He would then be an even greater President than Lincoln. I know, for example, that for Khrushchev, Kennedy is a man you can talk with. I have gotten this impression from all my conversations with Khrushchev. Other leaders have assured me that to attain this goal, we must first await his re-election. Personally, I consider him responsible for everything, but I will say this: he has come to understand many things over the past few months; and then too, in the last analysis, I'm convinced that anyone else would be worse." Then Fidel had added with a broad and boyish grin: "If you see him again, you can tell him that I'm willing to declare Goldwater my friend if that will guarantee Kennedy's re-election!"

This conversation was held on November 19.

Now it was nearly 2 o'clock and we got up from the table and settled ourselves in front of a radio. Commandant Vallero, his physician, aide-de-camp, and intimate friend, was easily able to get the broadcasts from the NBC network in Miami. As the news came in, Vallero would translate it for Fidel: Kennedy wounded in the head; pursuit of the assassin; murder of a policeman; finally the fatal announcement: President Kennedy is dead. Then Fidel stood up and said to me: "Everything is changed. Everything is going to change. The United States occupies such a position in world affairs that the death of a President of that country affects millions of people in every corner of the globe. The cold war, relations with Russia, Latin America, Cuba, the Negro question . . . all will have to be rethought. I'll tell you one thing: at least Kennedy was an enemy to whom we had become accustomed. This is a serious matter, an extremely serious matter."

After the quarter-hour of silence observed by all the American radio stations, we once more tuned in on Miami; the silence had only been broken by a rebroadcasting of the American national anthem. Strange indeed was the impression made, on hearing this hymn ring out in the house of Fidel Castro, in the midst of a circle of worried faces. "Now," Fidel said, "they will have to find the assassin quickly, but very quickly,

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otherwise, you watch and see, I know them, they will try to put the blame on us for this thing. But tell me, how many Presidents have been assassinated? Four? This is most disturbing! In Cuba, only one has been assassinated. You know, when we were hiding out in the Sierra there were some (not in my group, in another) who wanted to kill Batista. They thought they could do away with a regime by decapitating it. I have always been violently opposed to such methods. First of all from the viewpoint of political self-interest, because so far as Cuba is concerned, if Batista had been killed he would have been replaced by some military figure who would have tried to make the revolutionists pay for the martyrdom of the dictator. But I was also opposed to it on personal grounds; assassination is repellent to me."

The broadcasts were now resumed. One reporter felt he should mention the difficulty Mrs. Kennedy was having in getting rid of her bloodstained stockings. Fidel exploded: "What sort of a mind is this!" He repeated the remark several times: "What sort of a mind is this? There is a difference in our civilizations after all. Are you like this in Europe? For us Latin Americans, death is a sacred matter; not only does it mark the close of hostilities, but it also imposes decency, dignity, respect. There are even street urchins who behave like kings in the face of death. Incidentally, this reminds me of something else: if you write all those things I told you yesterday against Kennedy's policy, don't use his name now; speak instead of the policy of the United States government."

Toward 5 o'clock, Fidel Castro declared that since there was nothing we could do to alter the tragedy, we must try to put our time to good use in spite of it. He wanted to accompany me in person on a visit to a *granja de pueblo* (state farm), where he had been engaging in some experiments. His present obsession is agriculture. He reads nothing but agronomical studies and reports. He dwells lyrically on the soil, fertilizers, and the possibilities which will give Cuba enough sugar cane by 1970 to achieve economic independence.

"Didn't I Tell You"

We went by car, with the radio on. The Dallas police were now hot on the trail of the assassin. He is a Russian spy, says the news commentator. Five minutes later, correction: he is a spy married to a Russian. Fidel said: "There, didn't I tell you; it'll be my turn next." But not yet. The next word was: the assassin is a Marxist deserter. Then the word came through, in effect, that the assassin was a young man who was a member of the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee," that he was an admirer of Fidel Castro. Fidel declared: "If they had had proof, they would have said he was an agent, an accomplice, a hired killer. In saying simply that he is an admirer, this is just to try and make an association in people's minds between the name of Castro and the emotion awakened by the assassination. This is a publicity method, a propaganda device. It's terrible. But you know, I'm sure this will all soon blow over. There are too many competing policies in the United States for any single one to be able to impose itself universally for very long."

We arrived at the *granja de pueblo*, where the farmers welcomed Fidel. At that very moment, a speaker announced over the radio that it was now known that the assassin is a "pro-Castro Marxist." One commentator followed another; the remarks became increasingly emotional, increasingly aggressive. Fidel then excused himself: "We shall have to give up the visit to the farm." We went on toward Matanzas from where he could telephone President Dorticós. On the way he had questions: "Who is Lyndon Johnson? What is his reputation? What were his relations with Kennedy? With Khrushchev? What was his position at the time of the attempted invasion of Cuba?" Finally and most important of all: "What authority does he exercise over the CIA?" Then abruptly he looked at his watch, saw that it would be half an hour before we reached Matanzas and, practically on the spot, he dropped off to sleep.

After Matanzas, where he must have decreed a state of alert, we returned to Varadero for dinner. Quoting the words spoken to him by a woman shortly before, he said to me that it was an irony of history for the Cubans, in the situation to which they had been reduced by the blockade, to have to mourn the death of a President of the United States. "After all," he added, "there are perhaps some people in the world to whom this news is cause for rejoicing. The South Vietnamese guerrillas, for example, and also, I would imagine, Madame Nhu!"

I thought of the people of Cuba, accustomed to the sight of posters like the one depicting the Red Army with maquis superimposed in front, and the screaming captions "HALT, MR. KENNEDY! CUBA IS NOT ALONE. . . ." I thought of all those who had been led to associate their deprivations with the policies of President John F. Kennedy.

At dinner I was able to take up all my questions. What had motivated Castro to endanger the peace of the world with the missiles in Cuba? How dependent was Cuba on the Soviet Union? Is it not possible to envisage relations between Cuba and the United States along the same lines as those between Finland and the Russians? How was the transition made from the humanism of Sierra Maestra to the Marxism-Leninism of 1961? Fidel Castro, once more in top form, had an explanation for everything. Then he questioned me

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once more on Kennedy, and each time I eulogized the intellectual qualities of the assassinated President, I awakened the keenest interest in him.

The Cubans have lived with the United States in that cruel intimacy so familiar to me of the colonized with their colonizers. Nevertheless, it was an intimacy. In that very seductive city of Havana to which we returned in the evening, where the luminous signboards with Marxist slogans have replaced the Coca Cola and toothpaste billboards, in the midst of Soviet exhibits and Czechoslovakian trucks, a certain American emotion vibrated in the atmosphere, compounded of resentment, of concern, of anxiety, yet also, in spite of everything, of a mysterious almost imperceptible rapprochement. After all, this American President was able to reach accord with our Russian friends during his lifetime, said a young Cuban intellectual to me as I was taking my leave. It was almost as though he were apologizing for not rejoicing at the assassination.

JEAN DANIEL

ROMANS

"Robert Frost wrote 50 years ago, 'nothing is true except as a man or men adhere to it – to live for it, to spend themselves on it, to die for it.' We need this spirit even more than money or institutions or agreements."

– JOHN F. KENNEDY, November 18, 1963

By Saturday night, even the television seemed worn out by attempt and failure and ceased to comment and gave over to a succession of photographs of the columns and the windows and the corners of the White House and of the shadows of the great Lincoln head in Springfield and to a voice reciting "Oh, Captain, My Captain." It is to be, then, the grand style. But the ship has not weathered every storm; Mr. Kennedy is not Abraham Lincoln; not because he is more or less, but because he is a remembered physical presence and Mr. Lincoln an image of the plastic arts. One's own time is personal, not historical. Just how long will it be before many of us will want to read a book about the day Mr. Kennedy was shot?

The news of the President's assassination was given by a taxi driver to three gentlemen as they left a hotel on Arlington Street in Boston. They turned right around and hurried back inside to attend to their investments. Packed with students and businessmen a shuttle plane from Boston to Washington waited for permission to take off when the captain came on the intercom: "Folks, up here on the flight deck we've been listening to the news and the President is dead." There was only time to hear one woman say, "How dreadful" before three men went back to discussing plan specifications. A college student reading *Agamemnon* paid no visible attention. One of his notes read, "love-in-hate." The plane took off, the stewardess collected the money and started to serve drinks. Then the captain was back again. They had been listening to more news, that is trying to listen to news because their real job was to hear flight control. There had been a gun battle in Dallas; a patrolman was killed; the police had taken a man in a movie theater. Vice President Johnson was now the President. The talk of business went on through this, and stopped only when the captain again interrupted to say that the new President had been sworn in aboard an aircraft. A few laughed.

They ask too much of us when they ask us to act up to the grand style. We are not an emotionally affluent people. And yet some of us always complained that Mr. Kennedy did not seem quite emotionally committed enough. But now someone remembered with special affection a moment late in the 1960 campaign. Mr. Kennedy was in a motorcade and the Democratic governor who was with him said how wonderful it was to feel the love with which these crowds pressed forward to feel the touch of their candidate. "Oh, dry up," Mr. Kennedy said. It seemed now somehow a special grace in him that he used only the real in emotion and abstained from fabricating the expected. He had too much respect for the grand style to counterfeit it; how much truer to him might we have been if we had come down in scale and if the many of us who must have remembered the lines from *Cymbeline* had thought them proper to speak

"Fear no more the heat of the sun/Nor the furious winter's rages.
Thou thy worldly task hast done/Home art thou

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and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must/As chimney sweepers come to dust."

Cymbeline is a Roman play. The Kennedys are a Roman family; America seems only a Roman crowd. For us alone in it, there is only a terrible irritation with God and with self and with every other face that is left.

Friday night caught most of the President's Cabinet away from the city. All that could be collected from his official establishment came to Andrews Air Force base to meet the dead man come back from Dallas.

Everything mechanical intruded as it would intrude all weekend. The lights were vagrant, savage and aimless; the planes came and went on distracting irrelevant missions. The face of Undersecretary of Commerce Roosevelt seemed the ruin of his father's. Every uncared-for lank of Senator Dirksen's hair, every fold under every chin seemed for the moment our own fault.

For we had lost in the instant the hope of beginning again. Reason might argue that the sense of a new start was already gone. The main story in the morning's *Washington Post* had detailed the exculpations of a Congressman who had made a 1,000 percent profit from the stock of a company which had enjoyed his good offices with the Internal Revenue Service. The very Senate which dissipated in shock at the news from Texas had just before been waspishly disputing the privileges and emoluments of elective office. For weeks it had been hard to remember anyone in Washington talking about anything except who was getting what from whom. Mr. Kennedy seemed to be wasting in his city and to be nourished only by the great crowds in the countryside. The films from Dallas, painful as they were, reinforced the feeling that he was his old self only away from Washington. It could be argued then that we would see a time when we recognized that all that promise had been an illusion; but you need only look at hope lain dead to know how easy it is to look forward to regret. It had been less than three years since Mr. Kennedy had announced that a new generation was taking up the torch; now old General de Gaulle and old Mr. Mikoyan were coming to see the young man buried.

The great red and white plane of the President of the United States came to Andrews at last bearing all the transition in one horrid large economy-size package. There was a portable yellow elevator to bring Mrs. Kennedy and Attorney-General Kennedy down with a casket that looked like a ship's chest. Half of Lyndon Johnson could be seen waiting in the open door behind them. Mrs. Kennedy's weeds as a widow had to be what some said was a strawberry and some said was a raspberry-colored campaign suit. Everything mechanical that did not intrude functioned badly; the elevator seemed to stall; Mrs. Kennedy tried a door of the ambulance, which did not work, and the Attorney-General, with a deliberation unbroken as hers was, found one which did and she was gone at last, the high Roman figure that she would be all weekend.

So Mr. Johnson came on, tall as ever but wearing the glasses which his image of himself has always thought unsuitable to state occasions, emptied by his misfortune of all his vanity, small and large, and of almost everything else. His lips seemed wet, his chin uncertain; there was a fear that he might be a man who would cry in public and who there was enough his better to blame him? He said something into the microphones that was identifiable only as being hoarse, broken and undeservedly apologetic, and then his new household gathered around him. And the eye as cruel to everyone else as the heart was cruel to self, focused and saw only the hearing aid of an Undersecretary. The next morning, Mr. Johnson had repaired his interior and left off resenting himself, as all of us had better do if we are to get about our business.

As the people waited the passing of the cortege on Sunday some of them squabbled over who was to stand on the step ladder and shoot the first pictures and at what speed and at what lens opening. A mother trying to tune up a transistor radio said to a pouting child, "I want you to understand one thing. This is very important to me." Amidst the people came a teenager with a portable tape recorder. He stuck out a microphone and said, "Sir, on this day of national mourning how do you feel?" Coming away from the Capitol after viewing the bier, a man with a camera slung over his head, said to another man with a camera, "Did you get any good pictures?"

One sat in the Senate press room away from the rotunda on Sunday night and read a wire service report on the tributes paid to the patriotism of Jack Ruby by the master of ceremonies of Mr. Ruby's strip parlor. There was a story about the good fortune of the Dallas citizen who had been in at the death with his movie camera and had sold the films to *Life* for $40,000. The National Football League had played its full Sunday schedule; every seat in Yankee Stadium was filled with mourners. One thought with respect – it was not possible to be grateful to anyone – of Randall Jarrell for having known enough soon enough to have written a book and called it *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket.*

Then a man spoke up and said:

"She came in with the children this afternoon when the rotunda was first opened and she was standing and waiting and the kid looked up at the dome and began to walk around, and she bent over and touched him and

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he looked up and she straightened her shoulders to show him how to stand at attention, and he did it for about ten seconds. You know, I wish it was a dynasty and the kid was taking over and she was the regent."

Monday was sunny and for those to whom life is a picture, the Capitol was the best and largest color television screen anyone could hope for. A boy sat on his father's shoulders and his father told him to use the Number One setting. The band began "Hail to the Chief," the boy raised his camera and instructed his father not to move. Behind them a woman put a child on her shoulders; the child must have tickled her because she kept laughing, comfortably, and this pleasant distraction continued until the coffin could be detected from its flag to be coming out and she left off and pointed her finger and said with undiminished gaiety, "See, there he is." One left and walked past a girl clutching a paperback. Then suddenly there was one man kneeling with his hands over his eyes and his hat on the sidewalk, and it was impossible not to stop and put a hand upon his shoulder and not to begin to hope that a chain might be put together again.

In front of St. Matthew's the crowd was quieter. The bands and the soldiers went by, the pipers last; and then, like thunder, there was Mrs. Kennedy with the Senator on one side and the Attorney-General on the other and ramrods up their spines. And behind them, the powers and potentates of the earth; the Kennedys were marching with all of Madame Tussaud's in their train, as though Charles de Gaulle had been created a Marshal of France and Haile Selassie I the Lion of Judah only for this last concentrated moment. The powers and potentates waited; Mrs. Kennedy, for the moment made flesh again, gathered her children. Cardinal Cushing came down, under his mitre, looking, to his credit, a trifle irritated with God; we could be grateful for the Catholics and grateful to them for providing one Cardinal who looked like a Prince of the Church.

And the children in their sunny pale blue coats began walking with their mother up the stairs, the little boy stumbling only at the vestibule and then they were gone. We had lived awhile with old Romans; now the doors were closing and we must make do with ourselves.

MURRAY KEMPTON JAMES RIDGEWAY

Uncertainty and Anxiety Abroad

NEW DELHI

The President's death came at a time when relations between the United States and India were warmer than they had ever been. This phase of understanding and shared objectives had its inception in the last year of Eisenhower's Presidency, and no doubt it was strengthened by the external shock of China's attack; but Indians, who had become aware of Mr. Kennedy's constructive friendship for their country when he was a Senator, found continued evidence for this in the policies of his Administration. When editorial writers last week said India had lost a special friend, it was no empty phrase.

Lyndon Johnson is not a stranger. He visited India in 1961 and left strong but mixed impressions. His approach, it seemed, was that of political campaigner anxious to "meet the people," not so much to learn who they were and what their lives were like, but rather to leave them the powerful impression of his own personality. Recollections are of motorcades stopped in mid-passage while the then Vice President got out to shake hands with crowds, to distribute ballpoint pens personalized with his name, of the ubiquity of cameras and the Vice President's apparent sense that no ceremony and exchanges could be complete without them.

This sort of approach is standing temptation to visiting American politicians – even ambassadors have succumbed to it – and it leaves a warm glow among people whose hands have been shaken and who have pens to remember him by. But the impression among the wider audience tends to be cynical, even mistrustful. Such impressions can soon be removed by Mr. Johnson's bearing in the Presidency, but they do still linger.

Personalities apart, Indians are liable to react to American Presidents nowadays by the touchstone of an Administration's attitude to Pakistan. Some years back, Secretary Dulles saw the United States as enthusiastically committed to Pakistan. Mr. Kennedy confirmed the swing back to friendship with India that Eisenhower had begun and added a change of emphasis from military to economic aid, by which India stood to benefit in her relations with her neighbor. Where Lyndon Johnson will stand on this question, no Indians are ready to guess, but the uneasy hunch is that he may be less inclined toward India than his predecessor was believed to be. Less provincially, Indians are wondering whether with his more conservative back-

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ground, Mr. Johnson will push on with Kennedy's search for a *detente* in the Cold War.

But such estimations are barely expressed yet; the shock of the assassination has been deep among India's political classes. The assassination of Gandhi in 1947 was a traumatic shock, and believing that Kennedy's death had been some way connected with the race issue in the United States, Indians find in it a close analogy with the murder of Mahatma and mourn Kennedy the more.

LONDON

The major achievement of the late President was his handling of Cold War relations with Moscow, and in Britain there is deep regret at its disruption. The British believe Khrushchev is in trouble at home, and that the Soviet Premier will mark time until he has taken the measure of Mr. Johnson and his policies. The British government is anxious to keep up the momentum after the test-ban treaty and has been hopeful that progress could be made on measures to prevent a surprise attack in Europe. For internal political reasons, Prime Minister Home is likely to press for Western diplomatic initiative toward Moscow early in 1964.

Labour Party leaders had personally admired Mr. Kennedy, and had counted on the closest understanding between him and a future Harold Wilson government. As for the new President, there is a general feeling that Mr. Johnson is less enterprising at home and inexperienced in foreign relations. Labour certainly, would be most unhappy if a Democratic defeat in 1964 led to Nixon or someone like him.

Neither the Conservatives nor Labour is enthusiastic about the possible increase in influence of Dean Acheson in the White House, for Acheson is still thought of as a "Cold War Warrior."

It is suspected in political circles that Mr. Johnson is less inclined than was Mr. Kennedy to push for results in Moscow. London is likewise pessimistic about the prospects of anyone standing up firmly to de Gaulle in the Alliance. The worst outcome in British eyes would be a power vacuum in which the West Germans are forced to go along with French nuclear ideas.

In this first week of a new Administration in Washington, what one hears most, aside from expression of shock and sorrow is fear of an unsettling year ahead for the Alliance, in which any reduction of the American commitment to Europe could hasten the spread of Gaullism. It has always been believed in London that a mending of the Atlantic Alliance would need determination and continuity in Washington, which Kennedy symbolized. Now that continuity is tragically and damagingly ended.

ROME

"Friendly," "pleasant," "without a striking personality," "a real Yankee extrovert" – it is not much and it is very superficial: no man can be catalogued with adjectives. But that is all the Italian politicians who met Lyndon Johnson in September, 1962, in Rome remember of him. Prime Minister Fanfani arrived at the airport 15 minutes late and his welcome speech to the then Vice President was read by another. Political talks were brief and absolutely vague. Even if the United States Information Service had filled Italian newspapers with reminders of the importance and responsibilities of an American Vice President, Europeans would have still been of the opinion that it is an honorary office without concrete powers.

The man who most put credit in Lyndon Johnson was Pope John XXIII. They talked a whole hour about the Second Vatican Council, about peaceful coexistence and spacemen. The old Pope wished to let Kennedy know many things. He said he was looking forward to meeting him soon, and that they were fighting the same battle.

It fell on Lyndon Johnson to come back to Rome on June 16 of this year as Kennedy's representative for Pope John's funeral. Today, many Italians cannot avoid feeling a little ashamed when they recall their earlier hurried judgments. Yet the truth is, from the President of Italy to the man on the street, Mr. Johnson is but a name. A temporary successor, as Nenni said; an old hand in politics who has suddenly picked up one of the heavier and most tragic inheritances. That is all.

And how could it be different? It was perhaps not understood in the United States what Kennedy represented for most Europeans. He was a myth. Along with Pope John and Khrushchev, he symbolized something which had disappeared from the world of politics: a creative power, anti-dogmatism, victory over the frustrations of the Cold War. Symbols cannot easily be replaced or even revived.

And now what will happen? The news reached Rome while Catholics and Socialists were concluding the agreement for their new center-left cabinet to which "Kennedyism" had given a decisive push. The meeting was stopped; the bystanders in low spirits started to examine the new prospects. One said, "*Mutatis mutandi*, something similar will happen to what happened when Paul VI succeeded John XXIII; perhaps the main lines of policy will remain, but the ardor, the inventive power of the New Frontier is finished."

Those who prefer Adenauer and de Gaulle's Europe to the Occidental dialogue with the East may rejoice. But the death of that young man grieves and worries others in politics who still search for a ray of hope.

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The World of Lyndon B. Johnson

In a study of Lyndon B. Johnson, then Majority Leader of the Senate and a contender for the Democratic Presidential nomination, Selig S. Harrison in The New Republic *of June 23, 1960, having interviewed the candidate, reviewed in detail Senator Johnson's background, his ties to Texas, and his views on public questions. Written 41 months ago, Mr. Harrison's report, excerpts from which appear below, offers some hint of the distinguishing marks of a Johnson Administration.*

★ The most striking discovery one makes in examining the Johnson history is how little he has changed. Unlike Kennedy – whose political coloration is not at all what it was 10 years ago – Johnson seems to have been from the beginning more or less what he is today. He took his seat in the House in 1937 as a protégé of Franklin Roosevelt. . . . He was a young political natural on the make who had nailed his flag squarely to the mast of the national government then in power.

Arriving in Washington as secretary to a Texas Congressman in 1931, Johnson found in the Roosevelt Administration the patronage base on which he was to build his later career. As Texas Administrator for the National Youth Administration (1935-37) he had 30,000 jobs and scholarships to hand out. His political baptism came at a time when nearly the whole Texas Democratic Establishment was pro-Roosevelt and pro-New Deal. In the middle Thirties Texas was still an agricultural state with an old-fashioned Populist distrust of Wall Street. High interest, profiteering in freight and utilities rates and high tariffs that got in the way of the overseas cotton trade, were all part of a demonology the Texans in Washington shared in common with more cerebral New Dealers – former Interior Undersecretary Abe Fortas or Justice William O. Douglas – who remain Lyndon Johnson's good friends today.

Sam Rayburn co-sponsored the first REA legislation with George Norris, and Johnson fought hard to get public power into his impoverished Tenth District. But Johnson's commitment to the New Deal was never much more than the commitment of a "public power liberal" whose social conscience was stung by the needs of his homestate constituents. Nor has he pretended otherwise. William S. White, then of *The New York Times*, found Johnson literally in tears in a Capitol corridor on the day after Roosevelt's death. Describing him as "a typical representative of a hundred formerly obscure men whose leap into national prominence had been immeasurably aided by the President's paternal coaching," he quoted fulsome tributes which were conspicuously personal – "He was just like a daddy to me always"– and, "The only test he had was this: Was it good for the folks?"

Interviewed on April 23, 1947, Johnson told an Associated Press reporter that "the term 'New Dealer' is a misnomer. I believed then and I still believe in many of the causes Roosevelt backed. That includes development of water power and other natural resources. I believe in the REA and think all-weather roads should be built to every farmhouse. But I believe in free enterprise and I don't believe in the government doing anything that the people can do privately."

★ Reviewing Johnson's record, one finds that he has voted the Democratic Party line on international issues, even, at times, when this has been fiercely unpopular in Texas. He has insisted that Congress should not harass the Executive in the conduct of foreign policy and has accordingly supported both Truman and, as Majority Leader, Eisenhower, remaining silent when many Senate Democrats felt that Administration policy blunders cried for a public airing.

Johnson is no isolationist. His public utterances have never had a suggestion of America go-it-alone. At the same time, they have invariably stopped short of any specific description or characterization of the outside world. In general he has appeared concerned to keep the onus on the Russians for any breakdown in communications and diplomatic exchange. When the 1957 "Face the Nation" interview with Khrushchev prompted some charges that CBS had let itself be used as a propaganda forum, Johnson declared that "we should welcome this example of direct argument," calling on the Administration to press for reciprocal privileges in the Soviet. In this same "Open Curtain" speech he urged US initiative on a five-phased disarmament program tending to support the Administration proposals then being pursued by Harold Stassen in London.

It is perhaps too much to say, as his partisans do, that Johnson set in motion the official thinking which led to the US-USSR cultural exchange pact in late 1957. But the record does suggest that for all of his single-minded interest in preparedness, Johnson would prob-

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ably carry over his Senate mode of operation – "always keep your lines of communication open" – into something of an effort to negotiate with the Russians. How effective Johnson's overpowering style in personal encounters would be in the protocol-conscious world of diplomacy defies prediction. His only meetings with Khrushchev have been in groups when he has had little to say. Johnson was one of 25 ranking Senators who spent two hours with the Soviet Premier on September 16, 1959, and met him briefly at a White House dinner the night before ("He said he had read all my speeches and didn't like any of them"). When Johnson was asked on a TV panel what he would have said to him in the U-2 aftermath, he responded that "I would talk to Mr. Khrushchev . . . about their action in suppressing the people of Hungary, about their promise to have free elections for 15 years and then denying them. About their capturing our prisoners and never turning them loose. About their own spy activities. . . . If Mr. Khrushchev wanted to talk about anything of that kind, I would give it to him fast and furious."

Johnson gave V. K. Krishna Menon of India what must have been one of his more uncomfortable and perplexing moments when, following Johnson's statement on outer space to the UN Political Committee on November 18, 1958, Menon engaged in some characteristic needling. "That was a very impressive presentation," announced Menon, confronting Johnson as he stepped down from the dais. "I wish that your country would give as much time to disarming as you give to preparations for arming." Where others have trailed off in exasperated silence or risen to the bait with wild abandon, Johnson, as those present recall it, brushed him off with an unruffled and vaguely sarcastic smile. "Well now, Mr. Ambassador, we're ready. We'll disarm tomorrow. Can you deliver the disarmament of the Communist bloc? I don't know much about this building but let's get a room and we'll do it right now."

Johnson's appearance at the UN was part of an attempt – his Mexican visit was also in the fall of 1958 – to get increased exposure as a world statesman. Taking hold of the space issue in the post-Sputnik months, Johnson had referred in his personal January 8, 1958, "State of the Union" message before the Democratic Caucus to the need to "win and hold" what he called the "ultimate position – from which total control of the earth may be exercised. . . . Whoever gains that ultimate position gains control, total control, over the earth." *The New York Times* pointedly commented on the next day that "if ever anything was a matter for international cooperation and coordination, this is it."

Within a week Johnson had picked up the cue and asked that the US take the initiative before the UN in inviting all member nations to help "join in this adventure into outer space together." His appearance before the UN to testify to a bipartisan dedication to peaceful US intentions in outer space logically followed. The world press was fascinated. "TEXAS 'COUNTRY BOY' JOHNSON LEAVES MANY AT UN BEWILDERED" was the headline on the report from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* UN correspondent Donald Grant. "A country boy from Texas come to howdy and shake" was, it seems, Johnson's opening gambit at a news conference of some 60 correspondents from Asia, Africa, Europe and Latin America. "The diplomatic correspondent of a newspaper in Amsterdam leaned over to ask exactly what was meant by 'howdy and shake'," wrote Grant, " 'but there was no time for an answer. . . . 'Come with us, arm in arm, united, and let us explore this joint adventure together in the hope that we can consign our antagonisms to the ash can'. 'I suppose', whispered the young man from Reuters, just out from London, 'that by ash can he means dust bin'."

He would have too much native good sense, one concludes, to take the United States on any wild adventures. He conveys steadiness and looks every inch the strong President.

★ One area in which Johnson seems to have worked out in his mind the beginnings of definition is aid and trade policy. He commits himself in broad humanitarian terms to a US role in aiding the underdeveloped countries. He would broaden what is now a "closed corporation" of alliances, and seems to think in terms of regional aid machinery set up by such indigenous figures as Lopez Mateos, of Mexico, in Latin America. He would organize "a central authority to coordinate trade and aid activities in this field of total competition with the Soviets. The last new trade idea that's been advocated was Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade program."

★ He has not felt called on, thus far, to seek much foreign policy advice, and one can only speculate on who these advisers would be or how he would use them. Talking with Johnson and those close to him, one is given the names of certain men whose foreign policy expertise he is said to "respect" – men such as former Undersecretary of State Will Clayton; Justice Douglas; Dean Acheson; Benjamin V. Cohen; Charles "Chip" Bohlen; Fulbright; *Denver Post* publisher Palmer Hoyt, and former Assistant Secretary of State George C. McGhee. But it is the Brain Truster, not Johnson, who does the initiating; Dean Acheson will send a memo to idea men George Reedy or Gerald Siegel on Johnson's staff (both mainly trained in domestic affairs), or he will talk with Johnson when they meet socially at the home of a mutual friend. Most of these men have to stop and think to recall an occasion when they have talked more than a few moments with Johnson on a matter of foreign policy.

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Gerald W. Johnson: "Once Touched by Romance"

As an exercise in futility nothing exceeds trying to recall today what one thought of John Fitzgerald Kennedy last month or last year; for what anyone thought of him pales into insignificance by comparison with what the nation feels about him now and will continue to feel through the predictable future. Logical analysis will certainly be applied to Kennedy's career, and will have about as much effect on his position in history as Mrs. Partington's mop had upon the Atlantic tide.

For Kennedy has been touched by romance, a magic stronger than Prospero's; so

> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

Historians may protest, logicians may rave, but they cannot alter the fact that any kind of man, once touched by romance, is removed from all categories and is comparable only with the legendary.

We are told that at a Mass celebrated by Cardinal Spellman before members of the American hierarchy in Santa Susanna's Church in Rome the afternoon after the President's death, the Cardinal called John Kennedy "the martyr of this century." Yet he had flown West with no more exalted purpose than to meet his opposition, patienty explain his case and win the people of Texas to his side.

Already it has happened to two of the 35 men who have held the Presidency, rendering them incapable of analysis by the instruments of scholarship; and now Washington, the god-like, and Lincoln, the saintly, have been joined by Kennedy, the Young Chevalier. No matter that Washington had no faintest aspiration to be Olympian, Lincoln for beatification, or Kennedy for idealization – regardless of their own inclinations, reverence will attend the first, adoration the second, and heart's-delight the third for many a year to come.

It is inevitable, for the dry, factual record is the very stuff of song and story. The Paladin who overcame the manfullest who met him openly, but at the height of his fame fell to a skulker who struck from behind, has always been legendary. Achilles, Agamemnon, Caesar, Roland, William the Silent, Lincoln simply are not measurable by the standards applicable to ordinary historical characters. They are epic, and when Plato threw the poets out of his Republic he acknowledged that the epic defeats philosophy.

Then endow the hero with courage, strength, youth, beauty, gaiety, and consider realistically the chance of aligning him with ordinary mortals. Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce and Benjamin Harrison also were elected Presidents; but what ridiculous pedantry would hang the picture of the Young Chevalier in that gallery?

Perhaps Dr. Dryasdust may rail at the emotionalism that in a dramatic moment blots out the record of a man's factual achievements and over-writes the page with poetry; but he will rail in vain. Wiser men than Dryasdust will not rail. Instead they will weigh the wisdom of him who, if he were allowed to write the songs of a nation, cared not who wrote its laws. There are times in the history of a nation when a symbol is worth more than a sage; and there is much reason to believe that Americans are living through such a moment. We have acquired wealth and power beyond the dreams of the men who founded the nation; but that we still possess the high hearts of the group that met in Philadelphia long ago is, to put it mildly, open to question.

If the tragedy of the President stings us into a new awareness of the value of that possession, it cannot be said that he died in vain. The ancient Greek held that pity and terror and awe, the components of high tragedy, produce a catharsis of the emotions, expelling the baser and lifting men above themselves, at least for the moment. During the days of mourning, man after man who knew him personally commented on Kennedy's ability, whether as President, or before that as party leader, and in the early days as naval officer under fire, to spur the men he led to efforts of which they did not deem themselves capable. If his death has lifted a nation above itself, even for a moment, then his last moment will have marked his supreme achievement.

That remains to be seen. What is already evident is that the national pantheon has a new figure and a shining one. It is, above all, the ideal of youth; which is to say, it will continue an inspiration to the rising generation for longer than we can see; and when a nation has gained a symbol that can release the generous impulses of its young men and women it is fortunate beyond computation.

That alone is value enough. Why try to carry the calculation further?

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Louis J. Halle

The Armies of Ignorance

Let me say what has been increasingly on my mind about the Kennedy Administration in the past few months.

Since what happens from day to day is largely accidental, the day-to-day job of a political administration is the management of chaos by rapid improvisation. The improvisation, hasty and desperate, is all one sees in the close-up view, and it is not a spectacle that is either reassuring or uplifting. Generally, it is alarming.

The emergence of order, on the other hand, is detectable only in the distant and generalized view. Like the movement of the hour-hand on a clock, one never sees it happening; one sees only that it has happened. This is why the contemporaries of Abraham Lincoln, watching at close range as he improvised inadequate and inglorious responses to the sordid daily crises of his Presidency, concluded that he was the worst President on record, while history, on the contrary, has adjudged him one of the two best. I remember myself how, in Washington during the years 1947 and 1948, when the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan were being improvised from day to day, everything seemed to be going wrong. We were constantly in a state of alarm and despair. Today we can see, however, that this was one of the great creative periods in the history of American government.

Living as far away from Washington as Geneva, I have over the past three years had a repeated experience that is germane to the point I am making. One visitor after another, arriving fresh from Washington, has at the first opportunity drawn me aside to tell me in hushed tones of alarm how everything was going wrong there, how the Administration did not know what it was doing, how the President was getting the wrong advice, and so forth.

I have known Washington under the Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy Administrations, but I have never known a single day when the Washington insiders were not in precisely this state of alarm. The explanation is that they are too close to events. They see only the day-to-day chaos. For them the hour-hand isn't moving; but they see the minute-hand wobble.

While it is much too early to anticipate history's judgment on the Kennedy Administration, it is not too early to reject entirely the negative judgment of those who have been too close to it. This kind of judgment has no permanent value. But from where I was sitting, the Kennedy Administration, in certain fundamental respects, looked good. In some respects and at some moments it even seemed great.

The worst moment occurred early, in the spring of 1961, with the colossal blunder of the Cuban invasion. Even at the distance of Geneva, I shared the alarmist view to the point of despair, for I did not see how the Administration could ever recover the authority it had lost throughout the world. Today, however, the episode has faded into the past, the blunder has proved not to be irredeemable.

My guess is that what will chiefly distinguish the Kennedy Administration in the eyes of historians unborn is its development of relations with the Soviet Union in the context of the Cold War. It developed a sort of dialogue, and even a tacit entente, with the government of the Soviet Union, the purpose of which on both sides was not surrender or retreat, but rather to bring the Cold War under control, to keep it within limits so as to minimize the danger of nuclear chaos and disaster. This required statesmanship of the first degree, and such statesmanship surely was manifested both in the handling of the Cuban crisis of October, 1962 (which is on the way to becoming a textbook classic in modern diplomacy) and in the address the President gave last June 10 at American University. Today there exists an understanding between enemies that did not exist when President Kennedy took office, and nothing is more important in the nuclear age. The historical view will reveal, I believe, that in this respect the hour-hand has moved forward decisively, even if we do not yet see that it has.

There has been cause for concern in the past year, however, that the President was allowing himself to be overtaken by the evolution of the historical drama in other respects. With the re-establishment of a certain stability and balance of power in the world, and with the recovery of Europe, the entire situation for which the institutions of the North Atlantic Community were designed has changed. A stubborn conservatism about these institutions, however, a vested psychological and moral interest in them as they were, tended to dominate President Kennedy's Administration. One had the im-

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pression of improvisation to prevent change. Perhaps what this represented was merely the natural delay of a heavy bureaucratic establishment in moving with the times. Perhaps a belated recognition of the new order developing in the world would have manifested itself in the President's thinking over the coming months. I say this because I think he had the capacity for it. Now he has been struck down by a representative of chaos, and we shall never know.

With respect to domestic affairs in the United States I have felt less sanguine than with respect to foreign relations. The President's policies were essentially right, I think, but he was not showing himself successful in the Herculean task imposed on every President, that of carrying Congress and the country with him. Here he seemed to lack the ultimate eloquence, the final degree of persuasiveness.

As the fear of international chaos has diminished in the past year, fear that there might be a breakdown of political authority in the United States has increased. It is worrisome that so much of McCarthyism has survived as an apparently permanent feature of the American scene. It is worrisome that the right-wing primitives of our society are still able to intimidate the entire society and to intimidate Congress, in particular, to the extent that they do. One recalls how Athenean democracy broke down when Cleon took over from Pericles. Mr. Kennedy represented in our own democracy what Pericles represented in Athens, but we see the candidates for Cleon's role moving toward the seats of power, the armies of ignorance behind them.

Manifestations of irresponsibility in Congress over the past few years, both in domestic and foreign affairs, have contributed to the fear that American democracy may go the way of other democracies that had also been great in their day.

I am not optimistic enough to believe that we shall not regret the loss of President Kennedy and appreciate his Administration the more now that he is gone. This is not a vote of no-confidence in our new President. On his trips to Europe Mr. Johnson has, on occasion, been crude enough in his superficial behavior to cause embarrassment. (This, however, was the commonest charge against Abraham Lincoln.) Men who have had intimate glimpses of his heart and mind, however, men whose judgment I trust, have on occasion told me that there are elements of genuine greatness in him. He has now assumed an office that will test them and that should bring them out. The hopes of many hundreds of millions all around the globe are in his keeping. My real worry is not about President Johnson's Administration. It is about what may follow it.

Unfinished Business

A Neutral Zone in Southeast Asia?

by Denis Warner

Twenty-four hours before the burial of John F. Kennedy, the new President had conferred with Secretary Rusk, Secretary McNamara, Undersecretary of State Ball and Ambassador Lodge on Vietnam; and shortly thereafter Mr. Johnson announced that US policy would remain the same. But can it?

Only a week after the *coup d'etat* in South Vietnam, Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia renewed his proposal that South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia should form a zone of neutral states in Southeast Asia. To this proposal, he added a threat: that unless Radio Free Cambodia, which Sihanouk believes to be operated by dissident Cambodians from Thailand and South Vietnam, ceased its broadcasts by December 31, he would end his policy of neutrality and seek a closer relationship with the Communist bloc. Four days later, Sihanouk announced that Cambodia would renounce US miliary aid by the end of the year and do without its economic aid also, unless it came free of strings. A day or two later Phnom Penh buzzed with rumors that a *coup d'etat* (American backed, of course!) was in the air, a typical Sihanouk stratagem to justify his threats and promises and his decision to call in Chinese Communist specialists to help him in the nationalization of the banks and the import-export trade.

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Thus, with fanfare, Sihanouk has heralded another turn to the left, one that seems certain to make President Johnson's inherited task in Southeast Asia even more difficult than that of his predecessor.

Sihanouk in the past has, it is true, given shelter to his neighbors' enemies; but also, Thailand and South Vietnam, almost openly have aided and abetted Cambodian dissidents. Sihanouk feels with some justification that he is being squeezed by much larger neighbors, who are backed by the United States and SEATO. On a much broader canvas, he is also bitterly critical not only of what the US wants to do in Southeast Asia but how it has gone about it. His view is that American policy in the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy Administrations has pursued the unattainable and attained the catastrophic. Even in the days when Ngo Dinh Diem was so unwisely regarded as something of a miracle maker, Sihanouk warned Americans that the awakening from such self-hypnosis would be bitter and the consequences brutal. The first to propose a neutralist solution for Laos, he wanted the Geneva conference held before the balance of power in that unhappy little kingdom had moved to the point where the Communists could legitimately regard themselves as victors. By rejecting his advice and delaying the conference for so long while American-favored General Phoumi Nosavan suffered one defeat after another, the West, he believes, all but sealed Laos' fate.

Now, as Sihanouk sees it, we are moving toward the stage where any other than a Communist solution for Southeast Asia is becoming remote. Instead of using the counter-balancing forces of East and West to preserve his position, he is saying in effect that he is willing to abandon his Western support in the hope that the Communists will grant him some residual freedoms, whatever they may be.

To understand Sihanouk, it is not necessary to approve of what he thinks or does. It is hard to believe that his hopes, if not his fears, will come true. At the same time, it is difficult not to share his view that Western Southeast Asian policies, especially in the Indochina region, have been dismally unsuccessful.

Disaster May Still be Averted

For the last six months of his life, John F. Kennedy had to give much of his attention to the unhappy events in South Vietnam. Not much attention was paid to Laos. The neglect was unwarranted. Because of its geographical position, Laos is the heartland of Southeast Asia. Any time the Pathet Lao and their Viet Minh backers want to pick up the remnant bits and pieces of the country, they can be on the Mekong River in a week or less. They are deterred not by Phoumi's 50,000-man anti-Communist Army, or by the no-longer-neutral forces led by General Kong Le, but by fear of what Washington's reaction would be if they were to put the knife to the remaining and sadly frayed threads of pretense and policy still holding the Geneva Agreement and Laos together.

Yet, bad as things may be, the ultimate disaster of a Communist take-over may still be averted. That the Viet Minh would like to secure an easier route into South Vietnam than the Ho Chi Minh "trail" seems likely enough, and the temptation to open the road network through eastern Laos by pinching off Attopeu and Saravane, which alone stand in their way, must be considerable. For more than a year, however, traffic along the "trail" appears to have been comparatively slight. After a rapid rise from about 200 men a month to more than 800 in June, 1962, the numbers dropped back again. At the same time, supplies and *cadres* in larger quantities and numbers continue to reach the Viet Cong, suggesting that the Viet Minh have made practicable alternative arrangements.

Both US and Vietnamese officials in South Vietnam believe that the Viet Cong make extensive use of Cambodia; and although this is indignantly denied by Prince Sihanouk, the nature of the Cambodian countryside and the Viet Cong operational methods are such that even large-scale traffic could be maintained covertly. Both the Mekong and the Sekong, which joins the Mekong in Cambodia, are navigable by small craft, the Sekong in regions where the Pathet Lao have unchallenged control.

Further north, along the resurfaced road leading from North Vietnam to the Plain of Jars, the Viet Minh maintain a regular shuttle service of trucks. Fifty trucks in a day is not unusual and up to a hundred have been reported. The Viet Minh also use two roads from North Vietnam to Tchepone, the starting point on the Ho Chi Minh "trail."

Yet since 1959, when the uneasy peace that prevailed after the first Geneva Agreement in 1954 turned into a Laotian-type war, not a single Viet Minh soldier has ever been fully identified in action in Laos. While it is generally accepted that the Viet Minh man the Pathet Lao artillery, it is improbable that any of the regular Viet Minh forces permanently or semi-permanently based in Laos – in open defiance now of the Geneva Agreement – have ever been used as separate units against the Royal Lao Army, or Kong Le's forces.

With military action thus limited, the struggle for Laos continues in other fields. In the capital city, Vientiane, the popular version of what happened to the troika government of Left, Right and Center is that the Geneva Agreement with its plans for a neutralist Laos was working too well and that the Pathet Lao therefore had no alternative but to break it up. But since the Pathet Lao claimed the right of veto

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over any decision affecting the areas not under their complete control, and since they denied access and the right of consultation to its partners on matters relating to their own areas, the logic of this argument is difficult to follow.

The Laotian experiment in coalition government has failed, in fact, because it was tried far too late. To have expected the Pathet Lao, who had trounced Phoumi's forces every time they met them, to throw away the advantages they had won in the field, was absurd. In fact, no one really did expect it. Behind the official and platitudinous Western expressions of gratification at the agreement, there was a hard-headed appreciation that it had little chance of success.

Today, Laos no longer exists as a nation. It has become an uncountry. On frequent occasions, Prince Souvanna Phouma, disillusioned, helpless, and now without even a truly independent military force of his own, has threatened to resign as Prime Minister and to retire to Paris.

The Geneva Agreement turned off the dollar tap that flowed into the coffers of the Royal Lao Government at the rate of $3 million a month to pay and support Phoumi's Army of 50,000 men and refocused on what was thought to be a foolproof aid program devoted to the provision of low-level consumer goods at non-inflationary prices. The French and the British, having needled Washington into accepting the Geneva Agreement as the best solution for Laos, were expected to help substantially, and contributions were invited from Australia, New Zealand and Japan.

The British contributed a slow-starting £1 million sterling in consumer goods, and the Australians a small aid program on the same lines. The Japanese began to build a system of waterworks for Vientiane. But apart from continuing their normal cultural aid program and sending a military advisory group, permitted under the Geneva Agreement and ignored by Phoumi, the French, to Washington's anger, were not interested. Instead of using the counterpart funds generated by the sale of consumer goods for building projects designed to help the expansion of the Laotian economy, which was Washington's intention, budgetary needs dictated by new military tensions will consume the lot, and still leave a whacking deficit.

Phoumi believes that Army costs alone this year will amount to $75 million, which is more than double the amount from all sources that is likely to be available. So the printing presses are rolling, and inflation is approaching Indonesian proportions. Shops in Vientiane offer two prices, in *kips* and in dollars, which take off in flight across the Mekong River in a steady flow.

In an effort to stop at least part of the dollar flight, Phoumi, in his role as Finance Minister, put the local money changers out of business, an act that did not enhance his own personal standing when he followed it by opening his own bank. As part owner of Royal Air Laos and an importer of gold, a practice traditionally linked with Laos' internally legal opium traffic, Phoumi's commercial interests have inevitably led to scandal. Oddly enough, diplomats who once accused Phoumi of trying to sabotage the Geneva Agreement, now feel that he above all others is a true Laotian patriot, that his commercial ventures are not designed for personal profit but to contribute to the fighting fund against the Pathet Lao, and that long after Prince Souvanna Phouma has retired to France, Phoumi will be making a last-ditch stand.

In principle, the Mekong Valley is securely in Phoumi's control. But the Pathet Lao are on the river between Vientiane and Luang Prabang, the royal capital, and at numerous points south of Vientiane. If there is very little war, there is also very little security outside any of the main towns, and very little likelihood that this situation will improve.

About the best that can be said, is that the Viet Minh are not able to use the road network through Southern Laos to support the Viet Cong, a deprivation of perhaps dubious importance at this stage of the war in South Vietnam, and that Pathet Lao access to Northeastern Thailand, where the next "war of national liberation" is in the making, is to some extent restricted.

"Too Little, Too Late"

The Thai Government is now aware, however belatedly, of the dangers in the northeast. Yet Western diplomats have grave doubts whether its response is sufficient to meet the challenge. "Too little, too late," was the pessimistic conclusion of one whose duties in Thailand include the constant study of the danger areas in the northeast. "Nothing is more certain than that a state of insurgency will develop when it suits the Communists' purpose." When I asked a SEATO official for his comment on this, he replied, "Too little – but not yet too late."

One of the worries is that the Thai government's effort is spotty. Areas selected for attention by community-development teams benefit immediately, while neglected adjoining regions suffer by contrast. At the same time, joint US-Thai mobile information field teams, retracing the trails they blazed a year or so ago, have found that the response to their return visits is almost always encouraging. "The reaction to our return was warm, even joyous, everywhere, except in one village where we found that a Communist team was staying," says a recent report prepared by Robert Lasher of the United States Information Service, who has been closely identified with the work of the mobile information teams. On this tour, Lasher and his Thai

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companions encountered three different Communist groups of 9 to 12 men, all posing as peddlers and carrying cases of medicine and cloth which they did not sell but gave away along with Communist propaganda. Lasher found that there were a great many more of these itinerant Communist groups traveling the back country than in any previous year. According to information given to him by schoolteachers and villagers, the rank-and-file Communist propagandists were Northeastern Thais but their leaders were Pathet Lao from across the Mekong.

In other words, the Communists here are following a tactic similar to that used by General Douglas MacArthur during his Southeast Pacific campaigns. He used to hit the Japanese where they weren't, leaving their major formations to wither on the vine while leapfrogging his own way forward. Today, it seems likely that Phoumi will still be standing undefeated along the Mekong River while Northeastern Thailand blazes merrily to the fires prepared by the Pathet Lao peddlers.

This is the truly appalling prospect that faces the new President of the United States. For once the shooting begins the prospects of helping the Thais to emerge with any sort of even moderately satisfactory result are poor. Even after all these years of upheaval and disaster in the Far East, the West is not yet ready to appreciate the capacity and quality of modern, militant and ideologically convinced Asian forces. The old saw about one white man being as good as 10 yellow, or black or brown dies hard. Given our technical superiority, our tanks, our planes, our helicopters, our napalm, our artillery, how can our forces, or those we have trained and equipped, ever be defeated by men who have virtually none of these things? With the French, we rationalized, it was different, of course. You couldn't compare the French Colonial Army in Indochina with, say, the American-trained Vietnamese Army of 1963. Perhaps not, but having seen both in action, I would plump for the French any time. And the Vietnamese are better trained and tougher people than the Thais.

Who Will Succeed Ho?

For the moment, there is new hope in South Vietnam; it is not that we will clean up the Viet Cong overnight but that the elimination of the Ngo Dinh tyranny will create the conditions in which we may, with great good fortune, help to bring about a military stand-off. In a military sense, that is the best that can be hoped for.

But the prospects of achieving even a stand-off will be gravely jeopardized if Sihanouk's game of footsie with Peking leads him to permit the overt use of Cambodia as a means of supplying the Viet Cong.

Since the hostility between Cambodia and its neighbors is historical, it would be foolish to expect that friendly relations can be established by some gesture from the White House. The need is not for friendship, but for normality. No doubt Cambodia will sign its own death warrant if it falls into Peking's embrace: but the consequences for South Vietnam and Thailand would be scarcely less serious.

Surely, then, this is the time for the new President to exert the strongest possible pressure to prevent further operations by Radio Free Cambodia and other clandestine operations against Sihanouk, as a first step toward the normalization of relations. Under Diem, this was scarcely possible without loss of face, a consideration that should not affect either the new regime in Saigon, or in Washington.

In the long haul, there are only two possible courses for South Vietnam: reunification with the North, or a permanent division of the country along the 17th Parallel. In either case, the need is to negotiate from a position of equality, and it is to this limited objective that efforts in South Vietnam ought to be directed.

Despite the widely expressed view that Ho Chi Minh really wants to be a Titoist, or to steer a middle course between Moscow and Peking, and the meddling of General de Gaulle, there is little to confirm such optimism. Septuagenarian Ho is ailing and his successor seems certain to be the leader of the pro-Chinese faction, Truong Chinh. To sponsor reunification under such circumstances would be a final betrayal of people whose resistance to tyranny deserves a better reward than this.

This leaves permanent partition of Vietnam as the only feasible prospect. Short of continuing the war forever – or losing it – this can be achieved only at the conference table. Sihanouk's statement that the Communist bloc would agree to South Vietnam becoming neutralist with international guarantees and would recognize a neutralist national union government in exchange for US disengagement may be an important reflection of Peking and Moscow views.

To settle for a Communist government in the North and a neutralist government in the South is not the sort of bargain we might like. But it is a realistic acceptance of the facts of life in the Indochina region. The Viet Minh did beat the French in 1954 and they have had less than they expected in the way of rewards for their victory.

If the negotiations were to include Laos, Cambodia and even Thailand and were conducted with full awareness of the traps and dangers (and none of the self-deceit that characterized the public utterances of Western delegates to the Laotian conference), it is still possible that the northern tier of Southeast Asia might be saved from something well short of a Communist takeover. It is, perhaps, the only hope.

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Scrutiny Bound

by Robert Gottlieb

"Discrimination is life, indiscrimination is death." – F. R. Leavis, 1945

The magazine *Scrutiny* appeared first in 1932 and published its last issue in 1953. Four times a year for just over twenty years, always under F. R. Leavis' direction, it went about its chief business – the re-evaluation of the classics of English literature, the judging of serious contemporary literature, the establishment of standards. Now the Cambridge University Press is reissuing

Scrutiny
(20 Volumes; Cambridge, $125)

all of *Scrutiny* in twenty bound volumes – a unique and immensely valuable publishing feat. For the complete *Scrutiny* contains the most remarkable continuity of literary criticism in our time, a vast bulk of brilliant and useful work. In addition, it stands as an important historical record. Nowhere else can we follow with such immediacy and completeness the revolution in literary opinion that has taken place since 1930 – a revolution *Scrutiny* greatly helped to bring about.

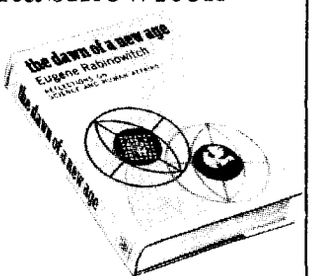
Its aims were announced in its Manifesto. It was to take up the work of the *Calendar of Letters* and *Criterion*, but to be more than "a purely literary review"; to print serious literary criticism, but also to be "seriously preoccupied with the movement of modern civilization" – somewhat in the manner of the American magazines it admired (in particular, *The New Republic*). It was to review a few carefully selected new books, and publish original compositions (only a limited amount of poetry actually got printed, plus one weak piece of fiction). Most important, it was to provide and maintain "standards" – its contention was that "the general dissolution of standards is a commonplace." It welcomed articles from its readers, but could not pay for them. And it printed about 750 copies of every issue.

Immediately *Scrutiny* engaged the respect of many serious readers – and infuriated many others. Its range was wide, so that individuals and organs of many different interests reacted strongly to it. The first issue, for instance, saw the start of *Scrutiny's* twenty-year war on the cheapening standards of the English Literary Establishment, in this case represented by the Sunday papers and weekly magazines. This steady, vigorous attack did not win for *Scrutiny* the support of the organs it was attacking. The same can be said of *Scrutiny's* feud with many of the literary scholars of the period. The "academics" responded to the magazine with the pique that generally results when a vigorous and rigorous nonsense voice assaults what has been more or less a preserve of politeness. T. S. Eliot had led the way, but not in the pugnacious spirit *Scrutiny* was to display, and Eliot himself had been both ignored and derided. *Scrutiny's* attack was more widely applied, more barbed in tone, and far more often directed against current writers and critics. ("Yet Mr. Quennell is not being perverse or wilfully stupid; he is merely what nature and environment and the habit of unchallenged complacency have made him and most of his colleagues in the literary reviewing line. . . .") These writers reacted accordingly.

But to emphasize the contentious side of *Scrutiny's* early years is to lessen its positive achievements. Dr. Leavis, in his Retrospect for this republication, unabashedly lists those achievements, and to read through the eighty or so issues of his magazine bears out his claims. Here is what *Scrutiny* did:

Following the lead of Eliot, but with far greater specificity, it reconsidered the main streams of English poetry, tracing out the dominant traditions and vital inter-relationships of the major and minor poets, ignoring reputation and returning again and again to the text for new judgment, carefully but passionately elucidating a new view of the poetry of the past. This view exacerbated the Miltonians and Shelleyites (it still does; last month in *The New Statesman* William Empson was once again quarreling with Leavis' famous Milton essay of 1933), but on the whole the major judgments of Dr. Leavis and his colleagues still stand; they have been disputed but not refuted, since no one of a comparable authority and experience has come along to do a re-revaluation. Eliot and Pound, I. A. Richards and G. Wilson Knight, had started providing readers with new tools for judging, new ways to *read*. It was *Scrutiny*, with its careful analy-

Eugene Rabinowitch



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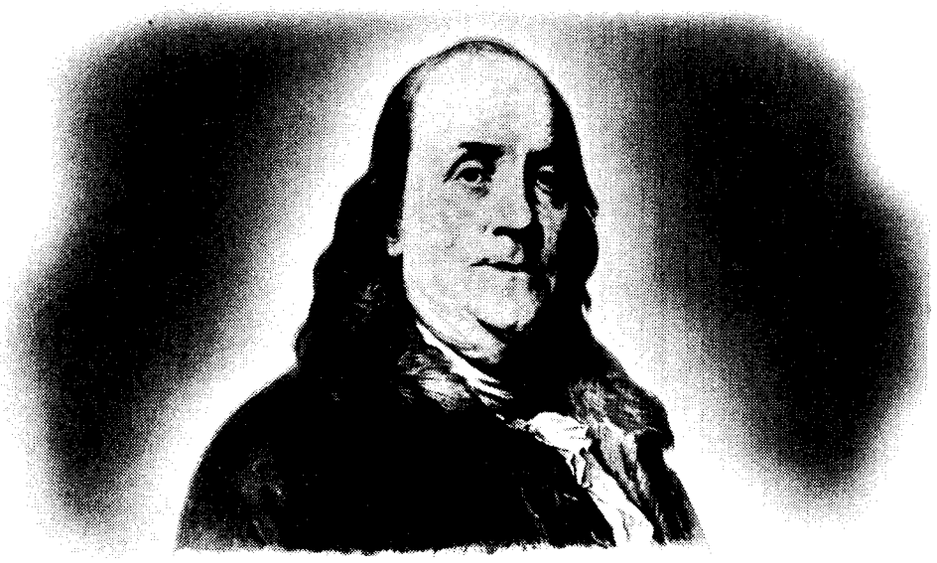

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sis of the texts themselves combined with a broad cultural understanding – Practical Criticism combined with scholarship – that did the job of applying these tools to the entire literature. What resulted was a truly New Criticism, and those results are now generally (if grudgingly) accepted.

The same can be said of *Scrutiny's* revaluation of the English novel, and in this case there was far less of a body of serious criticism to set out from. There was the "great characters" view of fiction, and a considerable amount of sensitive but scattered and impressionistic writing of the Woolf-Forster variety. Dr. Leavis both found a new way to read the novel – as "dramatic poem" – and isolated what he termed the Great Tradition of Austen, George Eliot, James, Conrad and Lawrence. The work his wife (Q. D. Leavis) did on Jane Austen is possibly the most famous and decisive criticism of a novelist to emerge from *Scrutiny* (or anywhere else through these two decades). He himself really re-discovered George Eliot for our generation; did the same for Conrad; and through his long and zealous championship of Lawrence, finally disentangled the Lawrence myth from the Lawrence genius. He and his colleagues re-*saw* the novel; and we read and judge differently now because they did.

As for *Scrutiny's* running judgment of the writers of the thirties and forties, those judgments were usually severe, were violently resented at the time, and have generally come to be accepted. What gave the reviewers their strength was that most often they were the same critics who, in the front of the magazine, were examining the major works of English literature. They brought the same standards and methods to bear, and the result was that current books were neither puffed nor made the objects of personal spleen. The tacit assumption was that any book with pretensions to being reviewed in *Scrutiny* should be treated with total seriousness, despite fashion or reputation. When Dr. Leavis attacked the *Work in Progress* (it was progressing toward *Finnegans Wake*) in 1933, it was with this entire critical apparatus and a deep sense of what art should be: "Mr. Joyce's liberties with English

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are essentially unlike Shakespeare's. Shakespeare's were not the product of a desire to 'develop his medium to the fullest' but of a pressure of something to be conveyed. . . . Conscious management in the *Work in Progress* is not the agent of a deeply serious purpose; it serves in general an inveterate solemn ingenuity, and it is often the very willing pimp to poor wit." The Joyce mills of our graduate schools would not agree, but they could hardly pretend that their Book was not being taken seriously. The same can be said for the treatment Mrs. Leavis accorded Hemingway in 1936: "Hemingway, with whom [Dos Passos] is often compared to his disadvantage, and whose technique is at least as much derivative, would not be worth interesting oneself in even if he had been original, so cheap are his emotional formulae, so second-rate his attitudes, and so limited and monotonous his structural patterns." I have deliberately chosen examples that may infuriate still, in order to suggest the emotional aura which *Scrutiny* reviews projected. To balance them, here is Mrs. Leavis again, this time at considerable length, in a 1940 review of Orwell's *Inside the Whale* – a book whose political bias was hardly calculated to win *Scrutiny's* admiration. "He is evidently a live mind working through literature, life and ideas. He knows what he is interested in and has something original to say about it. His criticism is convincing because his local criticisms are sound (always a test), and though his is not primarily a literary approach he is that rare thing, a non-literary writer who is also sensitive to literature. He is not sufficiently disciplined to be a considerable literary critic, he is and probably always will be a critic of literature who, while not a Communist, has nevertheless corresponding preoccupations, but the great thing is, he has a special kind of honesty, he corrects any astigmatic tendency in himself because in literature as in politics he has taken up a stand which gives him freedom. . . . Even his enthusiasms – another test – turn out to be sound criticism. Thus, you may think that the only thing wrong with the title-essay of this book is that he seems to think Henry Miller a great novelist, but it turns out after all that he doesn't. He claims for *Tropic of*

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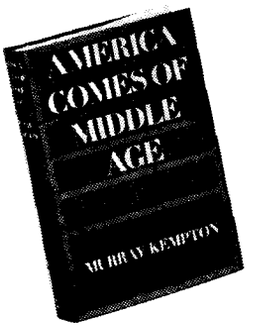

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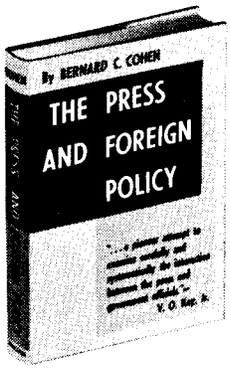

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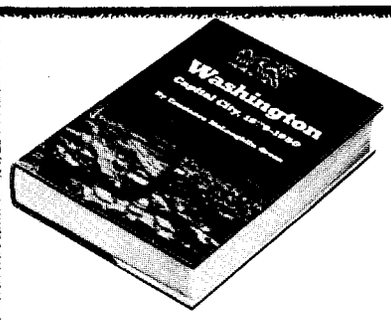

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Cancer no more than that it is an example of the only kind of tolerably good novel that can be written now ('a completely negative, unconstructive, amoral writer, a passive accepter of evil') – and expects as you and I do, that Miller will 'descend into unintelligibility, or into charlatanism' next. . . . But one thing above all there is to his credit. If the revolution here were to happen that he wants and prophecies, the advent of real Socialism, he would be the only man of letters we have whom we can imagine surviving the flood undisturbed." Here, it seems to me, are intelligence, fineness of judgment and generosity combined – as they always ought to be in serious reviewing.

The catalogue of *Scrutiny's* successes and importances might be prolonged considerably, and the temptation to prolong it is also considerable, even if only to list and applaud its many major writers: L. C. Knights; James Smith; D. J. Enright; W. H. Mellers, the very able music critic (though it is hard to match his passionate concern for the English composers of the period); D. A. Traversi; John Speirs, who applied the *Scrutiny* method to Chaucer and other Medieval writers; Martin Turnell, who attempted the French classic plays; Denys Thompson, who, with several others, made a searching study of English education. The major *Scrutiny* names read like an honor roll, and there are many more; to say nothing of the occasional contributors who come somewhat as a surprise: Auden, for instance, and Santayana; and the single odd appearance of Norman Podhoretz, praising (not so oddly) *The Liberal Imagination.*

Why, one might ask, did the regular *Scrutiny* writers come together, and what held them together for so long? Was it simply that the magazine had such high standards – or did it have an underlying rationale or philosophy that specifically attracted them? It seems to me that the latter is true. The magazine reflects a peculiar combination of humanism and puritanism, welded together by fervor. From the start, in the early thirties, when Marxist criticism was extremely fashionable, *Scrutiny* was solidly anti-Marxist – and for reasons it took many liberals until the last decade or so to discover. It was equally anti-chic, or anti-camp (Bloomsbury cliquery and Sitwelldom were among the arch-enemies). Its values were solid human values, *moral* values; it looked back with regret to a time when the people had their own idiosyncracies of speech, played music in their homes, had a vital popular literature, lived wholesome and creative lives on farms and in towns. The key word is "moral" – Dr. Leavis' Great Tradition is the great tradition of moral examination, and it is not irrelevant that one of his favorite books is *Pilgrim's Progress.*

These general attitudes gave great strength and intensity to *Scrutiny's* vision of literature; they also limited it. Much of English fiction simply didn't interest *Scrutiny* – Fielding, Sterne, even Richardson are never treated in depth. And Dickens remains, to my mind, the single large failure of the magazine. Again and again various of the *Scrutiny* critics returned to the problem of Dickens, but none of them dealt with it successfully. Their failure ranges from such a silly remark as Frank Chapman's "But, on occasions, Dickens rises superior to Smollett. . ." to the tortured clash in Dr. Leavis between "In ease and range there is surely no greater master of English except Shakespeare" and his insistence on finding *Hard Times* the one successful Dickens novel. In *Hard Times,* Dickens is "for once possessed by a comprehensive vision, one in which the inhumanities of Victorian civilization are seen as fostered and sanctioned by a hard philosophy, the aggressive formulation of an inhuman spirit." That "for once" indicates Leavis' impatience with Dickens for wasting his genius on the kind of books he wrote, for being the kind of genius he was. And yet, in his analysis of *Hard Times,* Leavis' inexorably fine eye leads him again and again to praise the book most highly for the very qualities that are stronger in so much of Dickens' other work. Not even Dr. Leavis could transform Dickens into D. H. Lawrence; Dickens was both great and frivolous, and *Scrutiny* could not forgive him.

Again, the irritation of *Scrutiny* critics toward all of Restoration Comedy (it seems almost personal pique at times), their refusal to see anything good in the entire body of work, is an indica-

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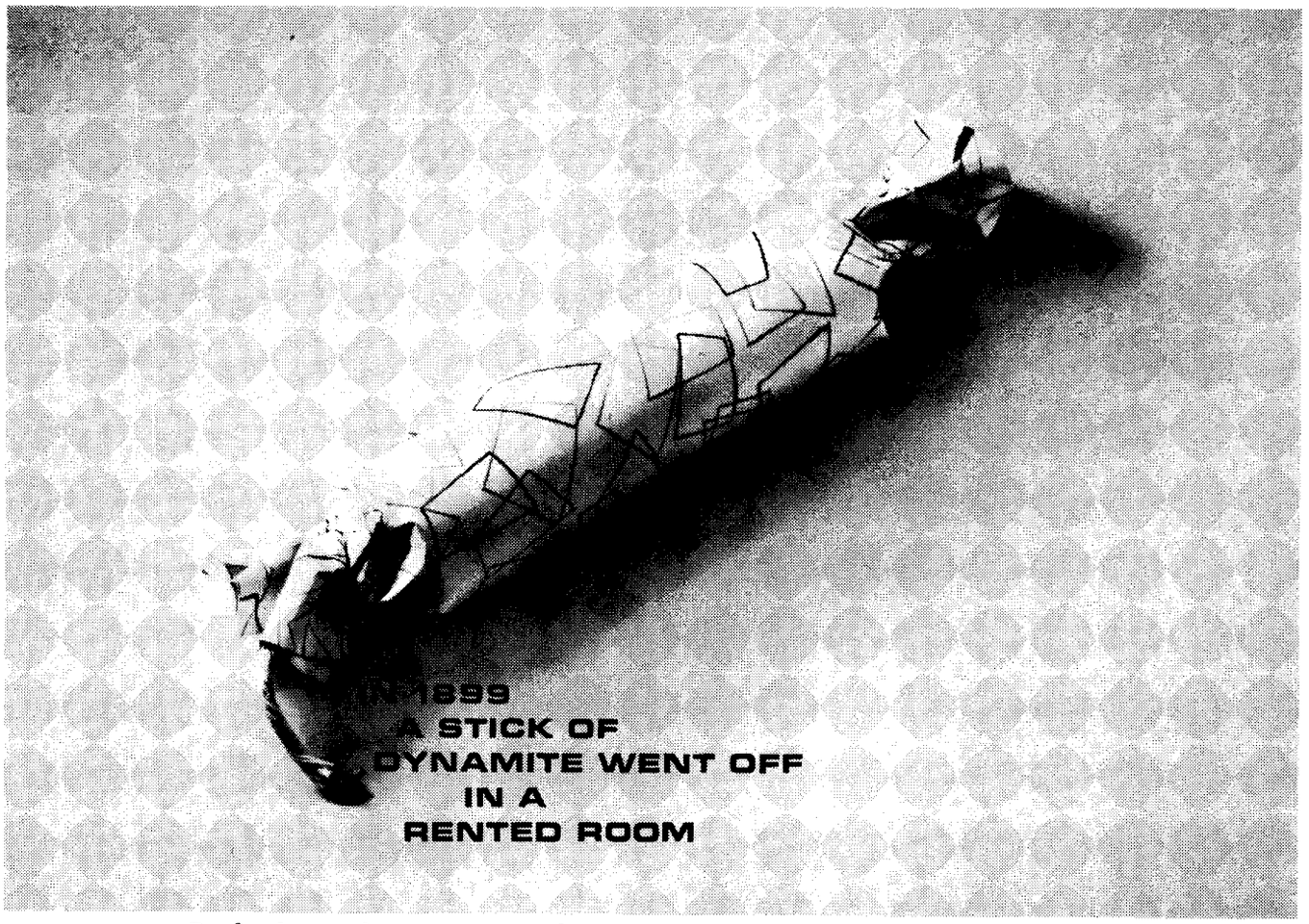

By day he taught economics at the University of Chicago, and edited its Journal of Political Economy.* By night he labored alone in a small room rented from a friend. His first book was to shatter the foundations of economic classicism, with reverberations that still shake the world today. The book was *The Theory of The Leisure Class*, its author – called by Lewis Mumford "a stick of dynamite wrapped up to look like a stick of candy" – Thorstein Veblen. Once again, the quietly pondered pages of a book had released a vast and revolutionary power. The University of Chicago Press has published its share of explosive books. Here, from our latest list, are some whose impact is still to be measured.

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tion of how unequipped the *Scrutiny* sensibility was to deal positively with what seemed to it frivolous and/or immoral. Bunyan *or* Congreve; not both. At one point, Dr. Leavis actually applauds George Eliot for beating Congreve at his own game: in Eliot "we are not offered wit and phrasing for our admiration and the delight of our palates." Or as he suggests elsewhere, "Certainly charm is overrated when it is preferred to maturity."

This earnestness, which so often reinforces and strengthens *Scrutiny* judgment, also results, unfortunately, in the acceptance into the canon of certain contemporary works of high moral purpose but less striking literary merit. Powys' *Mr. Weston's Good Wine* is one case in point. Another is L. H. Myers' *The Root and the Flower*, a general *Scrutiny* favorite that many *Scrutiny* admirers (like myself) have struggled through on orders from above. How this moral zeal occasionally led to the judging of literature in an extra-literary way – something utterly at odds with *Scrutiny's* basic ambitions – can be seen at its baldest in an early article on Myers by D. W. Harding: "The worth of Myers' work ought perhaps to be regarded as largely independent of one's opinion of the novels as works of art, where judgments may differ widely; essentially they are means of communicating, and they would still be of remarkable value if you concluded that they were scientific essays of an unusual kind. Their first value lies in the fact that they do succeed – by whatever means – in conveying extremely clear and sensitive insight into the conditions of adult and self-responsible lives in a civilized society." This kind of criticism has nothing whatever to do with the *Scrutiny* method, but it has everything to do with the *Scrutiny* ideal.

But as I have said, these are the incidental failures of a strength that is responsible for much of *Scrutiny's* success. When that strength attached itself to writers worthy of it, and related to it, it assisted at prodigies of interpretation and revelation. The obvious example is Lawrence, for whom Leavis performed a service few critics have been able to render a great writer; he was able to do so not only because he recognized Lawrence's genius but be-

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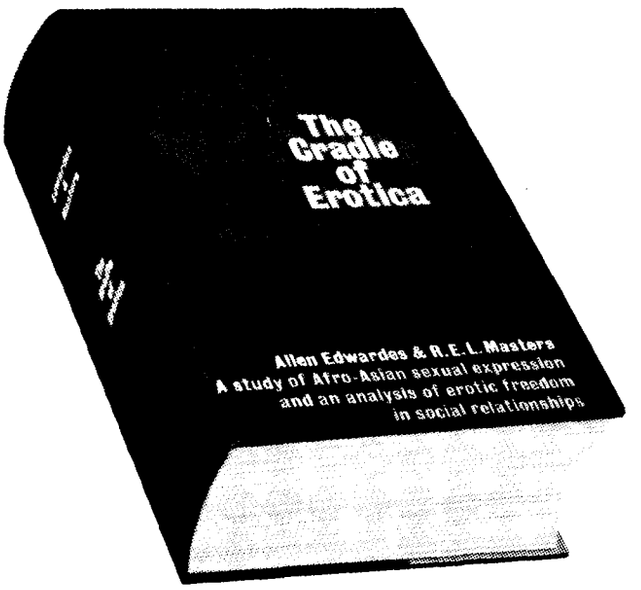
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cause it was so sympathetic to him. So was George Eliot's; so was Conrad's; so also were Samuel Johnson's, Pope's, Hopkins'. He was less sympathetic to T. S. Eliot, so much of whose work he deeply admired (and fought for), and from whom he benefited so greatly. The poet and early critic he always praised, but the *figure* he turned violently away from, until at last Eliot takes on an obsessive role in the pages of *Scrutiny*, turns into an anti-Lawrence, the un-Lawrence as it were: a force Leavis found both dangerous and fascinating. In fact, Leavis' ambivalent and changing attitude toward Eliot is one of the most gripping dramatic threads of these volumes: *criticism* as dramatic poem.

It is difficult to avoid discussing Dr. Leavis as a dramatic character – not that he wants to be discussed, but that his energy and power, his personality, constantly compel our strong emotional response. He was always a passionate adherent and a passionate enemy; quarrels pepper the pages of the magazine, and their tone was rough. ("Everybody must feel unwilling to enter the feverish spirit of Dr. Leavis' quarrels . . ." wrote Empson in a 1935 letter to the editors). When they center on literary differences of opinion, they can be interesting and fruitful. They seem less so when Dr. Leavis' embattled voice is describing *Scrutiny's* position at bay in the inimical world of the *Times Literary Supplement*, the B. B. C., Bloomsbury, Oxbridge, and *The New Statesman*. In his current Retrospect he appears more willing than he has been before to acknowledge *Scrutiny's* decisive triumphs. But the energy he still puts into pursuing old battles – and his extremely emotional and dramatic view of those battles – is very disturbing. "I will record here, as a relevant and representative datum, this: we had a great influence – and not the less because *Scrutiny* was known to be an outlaw enterprise – on generations of Cambridge students from the Indian subcontinent who now form key *élites* in India and Pakistan. . . ." This talk of outlaws and *élites* (and there is much more of it) is not only disturbing, it is uninteresting (except, perhaps, clinically). It is particularly disturbing when one is on Dr. Leavis' side – as in the famous feud with C. P. Snow. And yet it would be a mistake to brush aside Leavis' and *Scrutiny's* argument with the Literary Establishment because it is sometimes expressed hysterically. *Scrutiny* attempted to erect a dam of standards against what it recognized as a flood of self-serving mediocrity in the literary and educational circles of England, circles that had cast out England's one contemporary genius, Lawrence, and were clearly not prepared to reform at *Scrutiny's* insistence. The magazine succeeded in reorganizing literary opinion; it could hardly have expected to change all England – Leavis was not Cromwell. Perhaps his own knowledge that he could not achieve what had to be achieved is what makes him at times so angry, so desperate, so fanatical. One's only quarrel is with that extreme note in his voice: it makes him so vulnerable to attack by his inferiors.

Besides, there is a real drama or heroism about *Scrutiny*. The very conditions under which it published were so difficult – the few copies printed and sold, the absence of any paid advertising, the inability to pay either writers or editors. Under war conditions the magazine almost went down, and its most touching moment came in 1941, when – in the brilliant issue that contains the first of Mrs. Leavis' articles on Jane Austen and Dr. Leavis' on Conrad – the editors announced that they thought they could keep going if they could find only another hundred subscribers. (After the war, the printing rose to 1,500, and presumably this solved the financial problem). It is exciting just to think of so valuable and influential a magazine maintaining itself this way for twenty years. Even the end was dramatic – Dr. Leavis' sudden decision to stop since he could not find enough young talent to help put together a satisfactory issue four times a year. He was right. By the end, *Scrutiny* had become less interesting. Not only were the newer contributors not very original, but the major job of revaluation had been done. And as for contemporary writers, although *Scrutiny* eventually savaged Graham Greene and Dylan Thomas and a few others, its heart wasn't in it. Dr. Leavis was really still occupied with the bad writers of *his* youth.

For years now, copies of old *Scruti-*

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nies, their pale blue covers growing grimy and ragged, have been hoarded, bought, borrowed and occasionally stolen by teachers and students here and in England. Now the entire two decades-worth is available, and one can only be deeply grateful to the publisher and to Dr. Leavis for making it so. The Collected Works of famous novelists are no longer issued in elegant uniform sets; the Collected *Scrutiny* is. Is this a further proof that we are living in an Age of Criticism? I prefer to think of it as a tribute to one of our times' significant creative achievements.

TRB *from Washington*

(Continued from page 2)

cally dubbed "The Cornpone Special."

When he was the Majority Leader, strangers found it an experience to visit his sumptuous Capitol office; dryads danced on the ceiling; there was a super-duper executive desk as large as a yacht, covered with electronic devices. He pushed buttons and spoke to unseen presences; paced the floor till the visitor felt he was watching a restless tiger; sprang up and down constantly, and with disarming vanity showed praise and citations to the embarrassed visitor.

Set against this, President Johnson is a man of ambition, courage and decision, of ardent patriotism and of almost manic energy. He is thoroughly American – more so than Kennedy – in his mixture of tawdriness and splendor.

President Kennedy had three confrontations with Communism in three years and the confrontations will continue. After Cuba, Europe decided that he was not trigger-happy; in fact a queer diplomatic minuet developed as JFK and Mr. K appreciated each other's difficulties and advanced or retreated accordingly. Can the new President do that? Nobody knows.

What should Mr. Johnson do in his election fix? Everybody is giving him advice – this isn't meant as advice, it's just an estimate of the problem. He ought to tie himself boldly, we think, to one side or another, and do it *quickly.* For a Democratic President, this would seem to mean the liberal side. We would guess a civil rights bill would be an absolute "must."

Taking a risky guess at a cloudy crystal ball we would expect a filibuster against civil rights . . . possibly another March on Washington . . . a compromise bill that throws out public accommodation, FEPC and other elements . . . and then an effort at a deal with Senator Russell: no filibuster, no cloture.

Would this satisfy Negroes? Would it enable Martin Luther King to control violence? Would it allow Johnson to carry big cities? We can't guess. We rather doubt it. That's why we think

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Johnson's election looks chancey.

We would expect the tax cut bill to pass; it's a rich man's bill and business will back it.

This is a hapless situation, set off by a senseless horror in Dallas, where they breed such things. There is crackpot hatred in America fertilized by the H. L. Hunts, and with a gun for every paranoid at every hardware store or mail order house.

Not a cheery prospect but it could be worse: for example, let's all pray for President Johnson's health in the next 10 months. Only one (coronary) heartbeat separates us from Speaker McCormack.

The Helicopter Came

★ We cannot let it go without a final word on a different note. On the evening of that awful day we waited with other reporters on the slope behind the White House, awed and silent, for the new President to arrive from Andrews Air base. It was ground where every President since Washington has walked under the sky with his cares. In the grass were the slowly rotating red landing lights; down the slope rose the plume of the floodlit fountain, with smaller sprays around, and across the park in the mellow November evening the great Washington Monument stood splendidly illuminated.

Nobody said much; we were stunned and depleted. We watched the small moon fade and reappear in the haze; finally we saw the helicopter over behind the Monument. It made its noisy approach, and hovered over the trees. As it came down over the fountain we saw the blast cut the water like a scythe and dissipate it in all directions.

Slowly it descended, like a heavy man gingerly settling himself in a chair, and out of it stepped the President, but not the one who had left on that journey. He moved up to the White House, impulsively grasped the hands of one or two in the silent line of watching newsmen, and disappeared.

As we looked back down the greensward we saw the fountain whole again. For try as you will you can not hold a fountain with a chain; nor can you destroy it with a blast of air.

To treat the Department of State as the chief persecutor of the students who went to Cuba fails to see the actual role it has played in such matters since the Kennedy Administration came into office. The real heat comes from Congress, and the Department does the minimum possible to persuade Congress not to do much worse things. Its resorts to threats and bureaucratic harassments can be seen as an effort that looks to American xenophobia on
David Riesman on the passport cases

The number willing to go to jail is decreasing, and there is some possibility that the demonstrations will peter out without changes in the racial customs here — as they have in some other cities and towns. This is the truth that I wanted to feel free to tell you. Demonstrations have been sporadically effective in border states, but doubt is growing that this method can prevail in the Deep South. Some are beginning
Ronnie Dugger in Selma, Ala.

Only a vigorous policy of both increasing non-defense federal spending and supplying further offsets through substantial tax cuts would meet the requirements of stabilizing production and employment and avoiding sectoral distortions in a period of disarmament. It takes something of an optimist to assume that this policy would be followed, in view of our survey showing that debt reduction would have the backing of a large and influential seg-
Emile Benoit on disarming

To sell NATO to public opinion, it has also become usual to speak about the Soviet threat as "an avalanche," a "human wall of flesh and a torrent of steel," which will "bulldoze" its way into the heart of Europe by sheer weight of numbers. The facts are quite different. The ratio of "forces in being," as they have been called by General Norstad, is at present 1:1, and has seldom in the past exceeded 1:1½. The Red Army, de-
Eugene Hinterhoff on disengagement

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